Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Tyes vp my tongue and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier *and the Countie, with the Musitians.*

Fri. Come, is the Bride readie to goe to Church?

Fa. Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.
O sonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wife, there she lyes,
Flower as she was, deflowred by him,
Death is my sonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will dye,
And leaue him all, life, liuing, all is deaths.

Paris. Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it giue me such a sight as this?

Mo. Accurst, vnhappy, wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable houre that ere time saw
In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage,
But one poore one, one poore and louing childe,
But one thing to reioyce and solace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.

Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Most lamentable day, most wofull day,
That euer, euer, I did yet behold,
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this,
O wofull day, O wofull day.

Paris. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, slaine,
Most detestable death, by thee beguild,
By cruell, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne,
O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.

Fat. Despisde, distressed, hated, martyrd, kild,
Vncomfortable time, why camst thou now,
To murther, murther our solemnitie?
O child, O child, my soule and not my child,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions, care liues not
In these confusions, Heauen and your selfe

Had

Had part in this faire Maid, now Heauen
And all the better is it for the Maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe fro
But Heauen keepes his part in eternall li
The most you sought was her promotion
For 'twas your Heauen she should be adu
And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduanst
Aboue the Cloudes, as high as Heauen it
O in this loue, you loue your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well
She's not well married, that liues marryd
But she's best married, that dyes marryd
Dry vp your teares, and sticke your Rose
On this faire Coarse, and as the custome
And in her best array beare her to Church
For though some nature bids vs all lamen
Yet Natures teares are Reasons merrimen

Fa. All things that we ordained Festi
Turne from their office to blacke Funeral
Our Instruments to melancholy Bels,
Our wedding cheare to a sad buriall Feast
Our solemne Hymnes to sullen Dyrges ch
Our Bridall flowers serue for a buried Co
And all things change them to the contra

Fri. Sir goe you in; and Madam, goe
And goe sir *Paris* euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarse vnto her grau
The Heauens doe lowre vpon you for son
Moue them no more, by crossing their hig

Exeunt manent Musici.

Musi. Faith we may put vp our pipes

Nur. Honest good-fellowes, ah put v
For well you know, this is a pittifull case.

Fid. I by my troth, the case may be an
E

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musitions, Oh Musitions, hatts ea

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